

# THE Maiden-WARRIER:

O R,  
The Damsels Resolution to Fight in Field, by the side of  
Jockey her entire Love.

*To an Excellent New Tune.*

Licensed according to Order.



**V**aliant Jockey's march'd away,  
To fight the Foe, with Great Mackay;  
Leaving me poor Soul, alas! forlorn,  
To curse the hour I e'er was born:  
But I'll swear I'll follow too,  
And dearest Jockey's fate pursue,  
Near him be to Guard his precious Life,  
Ne'er Scot had like a Loyal Wife:  
Sword I'll wear, I'll cut my hair,  
Tann my Cheeks that once were thought so fair,  
In Soldiers Weed to him I'll speed,  
Ne'er like a Trooper cross the Tweed.

Trumpet sound a Victory,  
I'll kill my self the next Dundee;  
Love and Rage, and Fate do's all agree,  
To do some Glorious thing by me:  
Great Bellona take my part,  
Fame and Glory steel my heart,  
That for our bonny Scotland's good,  
Some brave Action may describe my Blood:  
Dought shall appear of female fear,  
Fighting by his side I love so dear;  
All the World shall own, that ne'er was known  
Like a pretty Lass this thousand Year,

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Bold in Noble Armour bright,  
 He with Courageous Heart will fight;  
 Fear of Death shall ne'er my Courage stain,  
 King William's Rights He will Maintain:  
 For the Glozy of our Sex,  
 He at the Rebels will perplex,  
 And let them find that Women-kind,  
 Sometimes venture with a Warlike mind:  
 Age of Old, our Fame has told,  
 Therefore He will never be controul'd;  
 By Friend or Foe, He freely goe,  
 Never was a Trooper armed so.

He a Helmet will put on,  
 Like a right Valiant Warlike Man,  
 Plates of Steel shall guard my Back and Breast,  
 Carbines and Pistols He protest,  
 In my hand He cock and prime,  
 Now and for ever is the time:

While I thus am mounted Cap-a-pie,  
 Warlike Thunder shall my Mullet be,  
 Let smoke arise and dim the Skies,  
 While we do pursue the Warlike prize;  
 Lawrels shall Crown with true Renown,  
 The Victory in City, Court and Town.

Mars the God of War shall lead  
 The Army, that will fight and bleed,  
 E'er our Foe shall hope to win the day,  
 Therefore let us march with speed away;  
 Hark! He hear the Trumplers sound,  
 We shall be at with Conquest Crown'd;  
 Let the high-land Rebels brag and boast,  
 Death in Triumph shall ride through their host:  
 Glozy and Fame shall then proclaim  
 Thy Actions of a valiant Warlike Dame;  
 If foes draw nigh, I scorn to fly,  
 With my dearest Love He live and dye.

## Jockey's Answer.

**H**ast thou such a valiant heart,  
 To fight and take the Nations part,  
 By the side of Jockey thy delight,  
 For to put the Enemy to flight?  
 I thy Courage must commend,  
 Yet like a true entire Friend,  
 I would have thee stay at home, said he,  
 For the Wars are most unfit for thee;  
 Moggy you are youthfull and fast,  
 Therefore can thy tender Nature hear  
 The Shrieks and Cries which fill the Skies,  
 As the Enemy we do surprize?

Love, said he, the loud Alarms  
 In midst of night to Arms to Arms,  
 Will it not affrighten thee, my dear,  
 Should you such a sudden Torum hear,  
 And before the break of day,  
 Many a valiant Soldier may,  
 Lie in streams of raking purple Gore;  
 Therefore Moggy whom I do adore,  
 Should'st thou be slain and I remain,  
 It would fill my heart with muchle pain,  
 She did reply, happy am I  
 If I in the Bed of Honour lie.